

i'll make this feel like home by intertwiningwords

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Summary:

beverly's aunt gets a job offer which moves her to a little town in indiana where she meets some new friends. it feels oddly familiar, though she can't explain why.

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Author's Note:

stranger things & it taking place in the same universe
is a concept that i fully support and adore.
hope you enjoy!

After a year of staying with her aunt in Portland, Beverly Marsh found herself moving once again.

Her aunt had gotten a job offer in Indiana, so they packed up the apartment and went off on a long drive to the little town of Hawkins. It was a nice town from what Beverly could tell, small, but nice.

She wasn't nervous about enrolling in a new school, because she had learned to expect the worst. It seemed no matter where she went, she was always going to be treated the same.

Or, so she thought.

"Please give a warm welcome to our new student, all the way from Portland, Oregon...Dustin, drum roll please?"

A boy with curly hair in the front row obeyed, drumming his hands against his desk.

"Miss Beverly Marsh!" Mr Clarke finished.

Bev offered an awkward smile to him, playing with a button on her cardigan.

"You can sit in the last seat in that row, Beverly," Mr Clarke said, pointing to the desk.

"Thank you," she said softly, before walking to the desk, glad to have the eyes off her. Or, so she thought.

It took her a moment to realize, but the curly haired boy who had given her an admittedly kind of pathetic drum roll kept looking back at her, then at who she supposed were his friends. A black boy, a boy

with a smattering of freckles over his face, a boy with a pretty unfortunate bowlcut, a girl with long red hair (Bev brought a hand up to her own short hair, remembering when hers was that long), and lastly, a girl with unruly curly brown hair.

Why they all seemed to be looking at her, she wasn't sure. But it didn't feel hostile, so she simply caught the curly haired boy's eye and smiled at him, which he returned awkwardly, his cheeks going a bit pink when he realized he'd been caught staring.

When the bell rang, she picked up her things and went for the door. One class down.

"Hey, uh, Beverly, is it?"

Bev turned at the sound of the voice.

The aforementioned group of people had all formed a little congregation behind her.

"Um, yeah. Hi," she replied, playing with the hem of her skirt.

"I'm Dustin," the curly haired boy said, offering her a big grin. He gestured to the black boy, "and that's Lucas," then to the freckled boy, "Mike," the bowl cut boy, "Will", the redhead, "Max", and the brunette, "and that's Jane, but we all call her El. It's a long story."

When each other they were introduced, they smiled.

"It's nice to meet you guys," Bev replied. "No offense, as much as I appreciate the warm welcome...why?"

"I know how hard it is to be the new kid," Max said. "These dorks scooped me up on my first day too, and despite how annoying they can be, I'm grateful."

Lucas gave her a playful shove when she called them annoying, and Bev felt an odd sense of familiarity in the way the group behaved, how close they seemed, how Bev could tell how close they were with just a glance. She couldn't explain why though.

And that was how Beverly made friends in her new school, something she never expected to happen. A little group of seven kids, outsiders coming together. It almost felt as though it had happened before. She had to really think about it, but she knew she had friends back in Derry. A boy with freckles like Mike, a black boy like Lucas...But she couldn't remember how they'd met, what they'd done, or even their names. It made her sad for something she couldn't even explain. But she ignored those feelings when she could, losing herself in arcade games and trying to learn how to play Dungeons & Dragons in Mike's basement, letting Max teach her to skateboard, and most of all, the crazy stories her new friends had to tell.

"And it came out that they had covered up her death," Lucas said.

"That's fucking crazy," Bev replied, shaking her head.

A town with a dark backstory. A town that almost seemed cursed. God, why did this feel so familiar? It made Bev's head hurt, and for some reason, the palm of her hand sting.

Will and Jane both seemed uncomfortable when talking about the mysteries of Hawkins, so Bev didn't ask about them much. They were a confusing group, and Bev knew they'd all been through things that she would never understand. She knew there were things in her past she wouldn't be able to explain either, so she didn't push.

She was just grateful to have friends.

(Again).

Max and Lucas were a cute couple.

He took it upon himself to treat her like a princess, though Max was far from a dainty damsel in distress. She played along with it though, letting him hold open doors for her, tuck her hair behind her ear, buy her little gifts when he had extra cash from chores.

Mike and Jane had been a thing the year before Bev got there, but they had decided they were better off as friends, and little awkwardness followed them, which Bev admired. She suspected that Will and Mike were trying to conceal huge crushes on one another to no avail.

She remembered a freckled boy and his smaller friend acting the same, but it felt like a million years ago.

Dustin joked about being a lady killer, but from what Bev understood, he was single.

And then there was Jane.

Big brown eyes, always wide with curiosity. Soft-spoken on the occasion that she could speak. And always making strange things happen. Bev had chosen not to ask about the last part, because she was sure it was none of her business.

Jane was intriguing, and Bev wished she felt more comfortable talking to her. She had never hung out with any of them one-on-one. Perhaps she should try.

“Where did you live before Hawkins, Max?”

“California. When my parents got divorced, my mom and her new boyfriend decided to move out here,” Max replied.

“Did you like it there?”

“Yeah, I miss it sometimes. But if I hadn’t moved here, I would have

never met you losers,” she joked, ruffling Lucas’s hair.

They all laughed at that.

“What about you? Did you like Portland?”

“Oh, not really. I moved in with my aunt two years ago because my dad...I lived in Maine before that though. I don’t remember much, which I know sounds crazy since it wasn’t that long ago but...I miss it, even though I don’t remember what I miss.”

“Trust me, nothing you tell us will ever sound crazy,” Will said.

And that made them all laugh again, besides Beverly, who wasn’t in on the joke. She didn’t mind too much.

Bev’s aunt wasn’t a very wealthy woman, but when she did get some extra cash, she insisted on taking Bev for a “girl’s day”, shopping for clothes. Bev loved it. Growing up without a mother made this even more special for her, having a female figure in her life.

And she *loved* clothes.

She kept her options limited to sale’s racks and cheap brands, but she didn’t mind. She preferred the things she found in thrift stores to the fancy things anyway.

Sorting through dresses on the rack, she found a soft yellow one, tiny lilac flowers printed over the fabric. She pulled it off the rack and held it up to her, showing her aunt.

“I love it,” her aunt replied, smiling.

That dress along with a few pairs of jeans, a sweater, and a new tote bag became a part of Bev’s pretty limited wardrobe that day.

The Monday back at school was a warm enough day for Bev to wear her new dress, and she walked into Mr Clarke's class feeling like a million bucks.

She got to her seat and once again felt eyes on her. She turned to see Jane looking in her direction.

Jane's cheeks went red as she was caught, but eyes softened and a small smile curled on her lips. "Pretty," she mouthed.

Bev blushed too. "Thank you," she mouthed back, returning her smile.

"Did you move here too, Jane?"

She shook her head.

"Oh. So, you've known the guys for a long time?"

She shook her head again.

Bev paused. How do you make conversation with someone who doesn't really talk? "Thanks again for saying I look pretty," she finally settled on saying.

"You're welcome," Jane said. Finally, some words.

"Don't tell the others," Bev started, dropping her voice to a whisper. "But I think you're my favorite."

Jane giggled, and that was enough for Bev.

"Legally, we aren't supposed to tell you this," Lucas started.

“But, we feel it isn’t fair to keep you in the dark,” Dustin continued.

“We ask that you hold all your questions to the end,” Mike added.

“And we know it’s crazy,” Will said.

“But you have to trust us,” Max finished.

Jane nodded, putting a hand on Bev’s shoulder.

And so they dove into their story, going back nearly two years to the night that Will disappeared. They told her about Jane, the origin of the nickname “El”, showed her the tattoo. Told her about finding Will, the rift, the Upside Down, the truth about Barbara Holland, the Shadow Monster, and the story got crazier and crazier the longer it went on.

But she believed them. She wasn’t sure why she so blindly trusted their tale. It could have easily been a prank, they could have laughed at how gullible she was, but she didn’t care, and they didn’t laugh. She believed them, and they meant it.

She wished she could tell them about her own adventures, her own past. But she couldn’t remember enough to form a coherent story.

She hoped they knew she understood though.

Ever since filling her in on the story, Jane had started using her powers around Bev.

And Bev thought it was the coolest shit she’d ever seen.

It was mostly little things, purposefully making the di in D & D roll one more time so that Bev won. Scooting Mike’s chair out from under him so he fell onto the floor, making them all giggle til their sides hurt. Tuning into different radio stations without touching the dial.

“So, can you like lift a person?” Bev asked.

“I moved a train once,” Jane replied.

“Holy shit, that’s so cool.”

Jane smiled. “I can move you, if you want.”

“Really?”

Jane nodded. “Let me know if you want to get down.”

Bev braced herself, not knowing what to expect.

Jane’s eyes bore into her, concentration screwing up her face.

And then Bev suddenly felt weightless, her feet leaving the Wheeler’s basement floor, dangling just above it. The ceiling were quite low, so Jane didn’t try to move her any higher.

“This is awesome!” Bev cried, kicking her legs.

Jane let her down after a moment, smiling despite the little stream of blood that started to fall from her nostril.

Bev stepped forward, taking her sleeve and wiping the blood off her face gently.

They looked into each other’s eyes for a moment, both obviously flustered by the contact before turning back to their friends, shaking the awkward feeling away.

Bev had kissed people before. She’d had crushes before. Or, at least, she had two boys who had crushes on her. She couldn’t remember it all, but she remembered a boy...no, two boys. She remembered a poem, something about January embers. She remembered kissing them both before she left for Portland. She couldn’t remember their

names though.

But that wasn't the point. The issue wasn't that she hadn't kissed anyone, or never had a crush before. The problem was that she had never had a crush on a *girl* before. But she had also never met a girl like Jane Hopper before.

Since she heard their whole story, she learned a lot about Jane. And most of all, how oddly similar they were.

Awful fathers, taken in by people who truly cared for them. Labelled as freaks. Lost their mothers. Kissed boys who had crushed on them, regardless of whether they really liked the boys back.

She wanted to kiss Jane Hopper, and she had no clue how to make that happen.

Hawkins, Indiana and Derry, Maine were not as different as they might have seemed.

They both had dark pasts, conspiracy theories, alarming amounts of disappearance and death. They were both small towns with tight communities, or so it seemed. They were both full of adults who didn't give a shit and kids who got into trouble.

They were both places Beverly Marsh called home.

And they were both places that Beverly Marsh kissed someone.

Back in Maine she'd kissed two boys, two boys who she loved, if not in the same way that she loved her. And even though she didn't remember their names, she still loved them.

And in Indiana, she kissed Jane Hopper in her bedroom while they studied for a biology quiz two years after Beverly had been welcomed into that little band of losers.

Derry, Maine and Hawkins, Indiana both had people living there who loved Beverly, and so both of those places were home for her.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed, feedback is always appreciated!

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